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IN THIS ISSUE

JOSEPH R. SIZOO
"The Glory of the Defeated"

S. CARLYLE SCHAEFFER
Lincoln: His Destiny and Religion"

PRESTON BRADLEY
"Good News for Bad Times"

ALBERT D. BELDEN
"What is Worship?"

HUGH McLELLAN
"Living One's Own Life"

HOBART D. McKEEHAN
"Singing in the Sacrifice"

GLENN FRANK
"A Prayer for Those in Government"

PREACHER PROBLEMS

MURRAY H. LEIFFER
"Church Night—For Adults Only

The Glory of the Defeated

BY JOSEPH R. SIZOO

He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.—Isaiah 53:11.

ONE evening some years ago I was sitting before an open fire in the home of a friend. He was a man of affairs who had built up through indomitable courage a great enterprise—one of the large mercantile houses of a midwestern city. His home was rich in charm and refinement. As I sat there that evening I commented upon the deserving success which he had achieved. Hardly had the words been spoken when a scowl crept over his face. He lifted his hands as if to stop me and added: "I am not a success. My life is a failure. Ever since I was a little child I wanted to be a doctor. I played doctor in the village street with the children, read books on anatomy as a boy and all my friends have been from the medical profession. I started school to realize this dream. Then one day I was called home to care for my mother and her three children. True, I have come to some affluence and comfort, but the one thing I wanted I have not been granted. I am a defeated man."

How often that story is repeated in human life! How many defeated people there are in the world! On every side we meet those who have lost great ventures, or failed to realize some burning desire, and they will walk softly all their days in bitter disappointment.

Yesterday it was a young man who had before him high hopes, lofty aspirations and great dreams, but discovered all too soon that the world is like a politician—quick to grant favor, but slow to make amends. Men will not walk by the vision, and he stands defeated. Many a scholar toils far into the night to unravel some mystery. But the question has no answer, the shadow cannot be lifted and he goes down

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defeated. The scientist stands by his test tubes in his laboratory, toiling endlessly to discover some hidden secret. But after months and years of labor he still stands baffled and defeated. Many run, only one can win; many strive, only one reaches the objective; many struggle, only one wears the laurel crown. The paths of life run often over cold moors where the wind cuts and the storm blinds and men are driven from their courses. Life is not an easy thing to live and it is less easy to explain. Along the empty road no signals flash, hope sees no star and love hears no rustling of the leaves. If life is a garden, then we stand many times among withered flowers and before broken fountains.

So it is of nations. Seldom, if ever, in human history has there been a time when men have so felt the painful darkness of the night about them, and have so eagerly and anxiously waited for the dawn of a new day. The world is lifting the prophet's inquiry, "Watchman, what of the night?"—and the only answer is an echo and an enigma. Nations stand defeated today and people are baffled by the events of life.

The Defeat of Jesus

So it was with Jesus of Nazareth. To the men of his time he seemed a defeated warrior. Calvary was an irretrievable disaster. It was to them the story of a great failure. Glorious was the life of Jesus. It began in a song. The joy bells of heaven sounded, while a light shone out of the Syrian night sky. As he walked out of his Nazareth home his life gave promise and his career opened with great hope. He spent his days going about doing good. Everything he touched was ennobled and strengthened. He went about healing and helping. Little children ran at the music of his voice; the aged crept within his shadow for refuge and the bewildered of earth found in him a comrade and friend. But hardly had his ministry begun when the intellectual and political forces of his day had him checkmated. He had pitted against him the rivalry and hate of the Pharisees. They interfered with everything he did and said until at last they triumphed and they sent him to the most cruel and despicable death it was possible for a man to die.

There he goes, this King of Humanity, with a scarlet camp mantle flung contemptuously about his shoulders, crowned with thorns, carrying a cross to an outlaw's grave! Calvary was an irretrievable disaster. It was the end of a dream, the closing of a book. Abandoned by friend, cursed by foe, betrayed by an intimate and deserted by a disciple, his life ends in cruel defeat. Calvary shattered hope and blasted a dream. As you read the simple narrative of his life you feel that all life long he had been defeated. He was defeated in Samaria when asked to depart from its borders; he was defeated in his home when his brothers called him mad; he was defeated in Nazareth when they determined to do away with him by casting him off the precipice; he was defeated by his friends when they abandoned him.

What was true of the defeat of Jesus was also true of his disciples. All of the apostles, but one, died an unnatural death. They went down to death by cruel torture and anguish before their message was half spoken. They were forced to flee to the catacombs and sewers of Rome. They became political and social outcasts. Their bones were left to bleach on Syrian sands. Their bodies were bathed in pitch and set aflame to become walking torches in the garden of Nero. One cannot think of the appalling defeat which these early disciples suffered without thinking again of Lowell's interpretation:

> By the light of burning martyr fires
> Christ's bleeding feet I track,
> Toiling up new Calvaries
> With the Cross that turns not back.

How God Is Defeated

But it goes deeper than that. We live in a world in which God is also defeated. Indeed, so many times does the Almighty go down to seeming defeat that men are wondering if there is a God at all. Where is this omnipotence which men can browbeat and bruise? Better to have no God than to believe in a God who is helpless.

No one can look at the world of today and doubt that God is often defeated. As long as one child suffers; as long as one man is without work; as long as good is scorned and holiness is ridiculed; as long as ignorance prevails and bigotry is rife; as long as men fling themselves at one another with sharp bayonets and nitroglycerin bombs; as long as a few have too much and many have too little; as long as innumerable thousands are hungry and shelterless; as long as life is scarred and marred by evil—so long God is defeated. Where men are crushed and childhood suffers; where life is bound by fear, there the God of ages goes to a cross.

Do you think that plagues and greed and hate and fear are in this world because God would have it so? No, a thousand times, no! There are times in this world when man and God are defeated.

What is the answer of religion to that dilemma of life? Has the religion of Jesus anything to say about a world that is defeated? Have we a gospel for those who fail?

A Gospel for the Defeated

At the outset let us frankly say that man's defeat is not always his own doing. We are not always responsible for the failures of life. We are all bound up together. Life is so closely interrelated that what affects one, affects all. A child is defeated because of an environment which gives it no chance; a soldier's body is left tangled on barbed wire because the reserves failed to come up in time; a merchant is defeated because his debtors failed to make good their word of honor; a train is wrecked because someone failed to throw the switch. A group of fifty men pull the strings of a heartless diplomacy and seven million die on the field of battle. Circumstances beyond our control bring us untoward and undeserving failure. There are moronic, criminally-minded, low-bred, undernourished and prematurely aged crowding the asylums, houses of shelter and penal institutions of the land whose defeats are not of their own making. They

have never had a chance. More than one prodigal sits in utter grief and defeat because of an unworthy brother.

I know the danger of this attitude to life. I am not a behaviorist—far from it. Life is essentially a conflict between the self and the ideal self. Paul said, "The evil that I would not do, I do, and the good that I would do, I do not." And yet I also know that not all the defeats of life come through man's failure or choosing. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. The Hebrews were defeated at Ai on the edge of the Land of Promise because one soldier broke his trust with God. It was

JOSEPH R. SIZOO

said of Jesus of Nazareth, "He could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief." Man's defeats are not always man's responsibility.

The religion of Jesus has a second answer to those defeated. We may not be responsible for our defeats, but we are responsible for the way we carry our defeats. The issues of life are with God, but we must play our part. There are two dangers which constantly confront mankind. The one is the danger in victory and the other is the danger in defeat. The danger of victory is pride, but the danger of defeat is cowardice. God holds us responsible for the way we stand up to life. Nothing so tests a man as his action before a failure. It is in defeat that life stands revealed and lays bare the quality of mind and soul. Sometimes defeats sour men. They seem forever after as men baptized with prussic acid. Sometimes defeat embitters the soul until it churns the bile. Some slink back into cowardly resignation. The way you take defeat is the test of living.

It is nothing to be defeated, but it is terrible to surrender to it. There are things in this world worse than defeat. When children go hungry; when preventable diseases are rampant; when racial hate abounds; when greed masters the judgments of men—shall we remain silent because we may be martyred if we speak? "After all, a man's reach should exceed his grasp or what is heaven for?"

Character and Courage

Browning had a way of shocking the pious people of his generation, but he never shook them more deeply than when he said: "If you have not the stuff to dare to be good, better be a frank, open sinner than a colorless, hesitating nonentity." He who straddles every issue for fear of being hated, is unworthy of the Christian standard of life. Too often we say yes when we mean no, simply to avoid cross-bearing. What cowardice there is in the world! How we temporize! What surrenders we make for fear of defeat! In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Elizabeth is made to say, "What frightens me is that men are content with what is not life at all." Alas, how true!

Courage is the foundation of all character. People have marveled at the maintenance of the Russian government. They have predicted times without end its overthrow. But after the passing of many years that government still stands because it is made up of people who are willing to suffer. They are glad to forego meat, and are willing to eat bread without butter. They are not unwilling to endure hardness for their conviction. Our danger lies in the fact that we are unwilling to venture beyond those places where we must give up a soft bed and forego pleasant ways of living. It may be that life is not so easy to live, but who said that it would be! After all, in quietly sequestered land-locked lakes water is apt to have scum and smut, while out in the open sea where the wind bites and the sea is rough, water is clear and clean.

It is not that defeat is so terrible an experience, but it is defeatism that becomes so tragic. Defeat may be only an incident in life or an experience through which one lives; but when it becomes not an incident, but an attitude, not an experience, but a frame of mind, then it becomes dangerous and weakens character. I would rather go down to defeat with Jesus than to live with Judas. I would rather fail with Paul than win with Pilate. I would rather be scorned because I stand by the Book of Books than to hear applause because I live by the burnt-up ashes of a Bertrand Russell.

Lincoln's Sterling Character

One day, in the state legislature of Illinois, Forquere was requested to deliver an address "to put down Lincoln." At the close of it Lincoln rose and said: "I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks of the politicians, but live long or die early, I would rather die than change my views and by that change obtain office." Addressing a company of legislators, he spoke even more firmly: "You may burn my body and scatter

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

the ashes to the four winds of heaven; you may drag my soul down into the pit; but you will never get me to support what I believe to be wrong." Lincoln was defeated for that special office, but his character stood unsullied.

Defeat is not always defeat. Sometimes it is only a withdrawal. A general is not defeated because he withdraws his army and refuses an issue of arms. That may be simply good strategy. A man may win and yet lose; he may lose and yet win. The British general in the Revolutionary war sent back word to his government that he had defeated Washington because the Continental army had been withdrawn before strong British regiments. But by these constant withdrawals, not without sacrifices, Washington maintained his forces until he could strike the blow at Yorktown that brought victory to the colonies.

Triumphant Defeat

That was the glory of Jesus. He had no misgivings about the end of his mission. He was not blind to the insensate hate of men. He knew what would be the ultimate and inevitable outcome of his ministry. He faced defeat at every turn of the road but he never wavered or compromised. Leaving the Mount of Transfiguration, there was upon his face a sense of mission that made one of the Gospel writers record that, "Jesus steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Not long after he went to his cross. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." When women wept over his journey to Calvary he begged them not to pity him. And he went alone, cursed by foe and abandoned by friend, but never once did he wince or temporize.

But look today! The Cross, symbol of shame and defeat, is an emblem of glory. We carve it upon golden altars; we emboss it on prayer books; we lift it on the spires of cathedrals and we write it across the hearts of the followers of the Lamb of God. From that cross his voice comes ringing over the hills of time: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow me." We may not be responsible for our defeats, but we are responsible for the way we carry them.

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
> Be our joy three-parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Defeat Not the Final Word

There is a third reply of religion to the man who is defeated. The history of life bears witness to the truth that defeat increases the values of life. Sooner or later lost causes win. There is an eternal sense of justice in the heart of the world. Right does not always have a scaffold. One day it prevails. Like the mythological Greek character who was thrown but each time came back, rising with new glory, so one day the defeated shall triumph and prevail. The progress of the world is the history of men who would not permit defeat to speak the final word. Those who have done most for mankind—raising the levels of life and bringing in fairer and braver days—have been numbered among the failures of earth.

You ask what is the meaning of defeat, what rhyme or reason can be discovered in it? I do not know. But I do know that through defeat life's values deepen and are enhanced. Socrates drank the hemlock but his philosophy lives through the ages. Dante was exiled from his beloved city of Florence, but one day he enriches the world with his "Divine Comedy," of which Milton said, "It speaks the voice of thirteen silent centuries." Bunyan spent twelve years in a Bedford jail but out of that defeat came his "Pilgrim's Progress." Disraeli was laughed down in the British parliament but, with a courage born not of earth, he replied: "You won't listen to me now, but one day you will." And they did.

I recall that day when I stood for the first time before the glorious Cathedral of St. Paul, in London, a triumph of the genius of Christopher Wren. As I stood there I kept saying to myself: "O hunchbacked circuit-rider of the Nazarene, little did you dream when you preached the story of the old rugged cross and went down to defeat in the Mamartine prison of Rome, that one day mankind would name its choicest cathedrals and cities after you!" The Hebrews were defeated in captivity, but through that defeat monotheism prevailed. Jesus went to his Calvary, but out of that defeat became the world's Savior.

There Are No Defeats!

God has a way of giving power to the defeated which makes them victorious in the end. The stone which the builders rejected has more than once become the headstone of the corner. The man defeated in a noble venture will one day come back bringing his sheaves with him. The blood of the martyrs always becomes the seed of the church. The Almighty has fulfilled many times an ancient prophecy, "Thy name shall be no more called Desolate but Hephzibah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."

In the last analysis there are no defeats. At best, the world can only postpone or put off for a little while those who come conquering in his name. Standing at the foot of the Cross of Christ the voice rings across the ages to every disillusioned life, every distracted spirit and every defeated soul: "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world." "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

> Be strong!
> Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
> And fold the hands and acquiesce.—O shame!
> Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
>
> Be strong!
> It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
> How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
> Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Lincoln: His Destiny and Religion

By S. CARLYLE SCHAEFFER

And their prince shall be of themselves, and their ruler shall proceed from the midst of them; and I will cause him to draw near and he shall approach unto me—and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God. Jeremiah 30:21, 22.

IN HIS stately volume, "Makers of the American Republic," President David Gregg of Western Theological seminary, acquaints us with our partial inheritance, as a people; likewise of our great debt to the past. This is a very rewarding book, a thorough acquaintance with which should be required of every American youth graduating from college. A noble statesman of olden times, in speaking to his countrymen on occasions of this kind, was in the habit of saying: "Take ye, therefore, good heed unto yourselves;" that is, "Go to school to yourselves." We believe that our national history is a veritable page from God's own book, and is full of divine lessons for each succeeding generation. We need, on occasion, to be reminded of what our nation incarnates; of what our institutions cost; of how the builders of our republic toiled and suffered; and that, as the great white dome of our federal capitol at Washington rests upon a circle of giant pillars, even so our national greatness rests upon a vast circle of our civil institutions.

When I had finished reading "Makers of the American Republic," I felt the keenest sense of disappointment in its total omission of Abraham Lincoln from among the immortal "Makers" of the American Republic. The closing chapter under the caption, "Our Black Forefathers," pays high tribute to that "jet black thread contributed to our national fabric by the Afro-American," but strangely enough, merely mentions the name of the man who gave them their liberty. Whatever the reason for so fundamental an omission from the pages of an historical work of this sort, we know that it does not accord with the judgment of historians today.

Emulating the Noble

When, therefore, we pause, on this anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, to emulate his superb character, to ponder his matchless deeds—we make profession of high principles. If, as Emerson has said, the best nurture of patriotism is reverent consideration of a worthy patriot, we are richly advantaged in having such a patriot to contemplate as Lincoln, perhaps the greatest man of the nineteenth century, yet withal a kindly, simple-minded, godly man. And happy shall we be if our children, and children's children, are brought up to know the face of this prince—who is of ourselves; to know and honor his words, to cherish his golden deeds; for so shall they be greatly ennobled and helped to become champions of the right and reverent sons of God.

Thine ashes in silence and darkness may lie;
But ne'er, mighty hero, while earth has its motion,
While rises the day-star, or rolls forth the ocean
Can thy deeds be eclipsed or thy memory die;
They stand, thy proud monument, sculptured sublime
By the chisel of Fame on the tablet of Time.

At that tragic moment when Lincoln fell on the altar of state, when his great heart ceased to beat, Secretary Stanton spoke words weighted with prophetic insight: "Now, he belongs to the ages!" For every succeeding generation has recognized with interesting clearness that Abraham Lincoln was a universal man—and not the exclusive possession of any nation.

Influence in the World War

How forcibly this truth was driven home to the hearts of all men during the World war! When gross darkness gathered and dire calamities fell like the pall of death, plunging to the depths of despair the English-speaking nations—then it was that they turned for guidance, for wisdom, and for inspiration, to our Western Magistrate. The London "Spectator" passed by men like Fox and Burke and Gladstone and Bright and Lloyd George, and even the nobly knighted Bryce—during those terrible fateful days from 1914 to 1918—to take counsel of our great Lincoln, employing his logic, his axioms and weighty words, for the defense and encouragement of the British empire and her allies.

Nor was Lincoln's influence less potent in his own land during those days. The mere thought of his vicissitudes, his poignant griefs, his pathetic loneliness, was a source of solace; only to recall his unshaken resolution and quiet confidence; to remember his undaunted courage, his unswerving devotion to the right as it was given him to see the right—how all these quenchless lights of hope served to illumine the gloomy and never-to-be-forgotten scenes of an unlawful, unwelcomed war—and an inglorious peace.

It would be superfluous, of course, for us to attempt a full delineation of the character of Abraham Lincoln. He is incomparable! Scarcely a year is allowed to pass without the appearance of one or more new biographies of him, so intriguing is he to the questing minds of men. The flight of the years serves only to enhance his hold upon us; he has become so centrally fixed in our imaginations and our consciences, that he is far and away the most potent civic influence in American life today! We called him dead; but not so; what have Time and Place to do with immortals?

President Lincoln revealed to an astonished nation, and to a skeptical Europe, a combination of characteristics seldom found in a single individual. Unlike many natively gifted men, he seemed to thrive on pain, tumult, and bitter opposition. No American ever made so much of his schooling in the "University of Hard Knocks" as he did. The sequence of events placed him where his unsuspected greatness of nature was broadened and consecrated by ominous perils and contradictions of his age. He was enabled to utilize hoary evils that had degraded human society from time out of mind in such masterly way as to effect last-

ing good—a monumental witness to his unrivaled genius. His amazing triumph over what seemed insurmountable obstacles was not accomplished by means which statesmen are wont to employ.

And what is the secret of Lincoln's abiding greatness? What is the meaning of his deathless hold upon the universal human mind—for all nations claim an inheritance in him? Our martyred President, time has made a world figure. As Dr. Frederick F. Shannon says: "Those long legs have at last stepped over the tumbling seas and walk in the highways of all mankind."

We may well sing with Edwin Arlington Robinson:

For he to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smoldering and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men,
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

Abraham Lincoln was a providential man. We know that there has been some doubt concerning his ancestry; that he himself could not go back beyond his grandfather, who, he said, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky in 1781. He did admit, however, that his grandfather's forbears had moved to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania, and that there was some claim of kin to a New England family of the same name, though he had not followed it to its sources.

Ancestral Background

Students of history have now discovered that Lincoln's ancestral lineages root themselves back in the seventeenth century. They inform us that from the year 1619 three currents of stupendous history take their rise—in things small and insignificant in themselves, but, destined, nevertheless, to swell at last into a mighty torrent that would sweep over the whole of this great continent and over all the world.

The first was the arrival at Jamestown, in the newly established colony of Virginia, of a Dutch man of war anxious to exchange or sell certain goods and chattels they had with them, for supplies of food and drink; and the transaction, being closed by the lieutenant governor of the colony, was recorded by one of the local historians of that time in these significant words: "About the last of August (1619), came in a Dutch man of warre that sold us twenty negars."

The second current of history was the advancement of the idea among the Puritan refugees at Leyden, Holland, of setting sail for this new-found land and of establishing here a place where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences —which idea was put into practical effect when they landed on Plymouth Rock the following year.

S. Carlyle Schaeffer

And the third was the birth in Norwich, Norfolk county, England—in this same year, 1619—of a boy named Samuel Lincoln who was destined to become, in the good providence of God, the progenitor of that mighty man whose birth we are commemorating.

Let us mark how these three currents, tiny and small in themselves and rising in obscure places, gain breadth and volume in their outward flow. The Puritan emigration and settlement of New England moved the lad born the year it was first thought of, to leave his native land at the age of 18, and settle at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1637. The slaves of Virginia, purchased by Jamestown people the year Samuel Lincoln was born and the voyage of the Mayflower planned, had been repudiated by New England, and the new found traffic confined to the south—so that even in those days the lines were sharply drawn between the north and south on social, economic and moral issues, as well as on geographical divisions.

Thus we see that Abraham Lincoln had, mixed in his rugged soul, the old Puritan spirit from his New England ancestors; the Quaker spirit from his Pennsylvania forbears, and the characteristic inborn chivalry and courtesy of the south from his Virginia and Kentucky sires. And above all, he had a blood inheritance of natural antipathy, of moral and spiritual abhorrence, of slavery as an institution, from the time his Puritan and Quaker forefathers had revolted against it; and his Virginia and Kentucky kinsfolk, seeing it at its best as well as at its worst, came to loathe it. Lincoln was indeed, by birth, ancestry, training and environment, all unconsciously prepared by all the ages for his task. He was a providential man; he was a man of destiny!

A Foregleam of Emancipation

But the flood tide of that destiny was not reached until, as a young man of 19, he stood in the slave market at New Orleans and saw, for the first time, human beings being sold like cattle to the highest bidders. Then it was that the streams of destiny reached their widest and deepest volume; then it was that the Puritan and Quaker spirit rose to the fore; then it was that all the fine chivalry and nobler manhood of his Virginia and Kentucky sires become vocal and cried aloud: "My God, if I ever get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard!" Well he did! So hard, indeed, that the shackles fell from 4,000,000 human bondmen—and broke forever the power of slavery over the land he loved, honored and revered. He proved himself God's man for the stupendous task.

Dr. Frederick F. Shannon, in an eloquent sermon entitled "The Two Abrahams," says the philosophy of a divine calling, such as was Lincoln's, seems to be this: "God has a purpose to be realized in the fields of time: he wants a man in the soil of whose being that purpose can root itself; then he hunts his man, hunts, sometimes, for ages. Finally tracking down his man, down to the heart of things, he says: 'I need thee, and thou needest me. Henceforth we must be workers together—you and I!'" Thus, there was a generic reason for the coming of Abraham Lincoln—God called him.

If, then, the first secret of Lincoln's abiding greatness across the years is his providential destiny, surely a second is his profound religious faith. "I wish to say, deliberately," said President Schurman of Cornell university, in an address on "Scientific Agnosticism" delivered many years ago, "after reading many lives of Lincoln and trying to understand the history of the Civil war, that in my opinion the Union could not have been restored without the unseen, but none the less real, power that came to the nation through Lincoln's belief in God and confidence in his moral government of the world." The great scholar was grandly right, and his statement is abundantly corroborated by Dr. William E. Barton, in his inimitable work, "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," in which he elaborates what he terms "Lincoln's Creed." This creed was compiled from Lincoln's direct statements gathered from his state papers and other public utterances, and from letters written to relatives and personal friends. It is very revealing and convincing:

> I believe in God, the Almighty Ruler of the Nations,
> Our great and good and merciful Maker, our Father
> In heaven, who notes the fall of a sparrow, and
> Numbers the hairs of our heads.
>
> I recognize the sublime truth announced in the
> Holy Scriptures, and proved by all history,
> That those nations only are blessed
> Whose God is the Lord.
> I believe that the will of God prevails.
> Without him all human reliance is vain.
> Without the assistance of that Divine Being I cannot
> succeed.
> With that assistance, I cannot fail.
>
> I have a solemn vow registered in Heaven
> To finish the work I am in,
> In full view of my responsibility to my God,
> With malice toward none; with charity for all;
> With firmness in the right, as God gives me
> To see the right.
> Commending those who love me to his care,
> As I hope
> In their prayers they will commend me,
> I look, through the help of God,
> To a joyous meeting with my loved ones gone before.

We know no other modern statesman whose character, personality and deeds, were so conducive to the propagation of genuine Christianity as were those of Abraham Lincoln. This assertion, if it be true, is all the more remarkable when we recall that he made no churchly profession. It is fairly certain that he was repelled by the conflicting creeds of his time; that he desired a more catholic manifesto of faith; that he was out of accord with the creedal theologies held and propounded by the men then in the pulpits of the south. He was fearful that too often the design of the house of God was lowered to suit the earth-bound aims of men. In one pulpit could be found a clergyman, for example, who was intent on self-exploitation; in another, a proud pharisee condemned those who would not bind his own shibboleths on their minds. And here was a cleric who would hang the fate of a race on a solitary text; and there another, who asserted a universality of freedom—which demonstrated that what men needed most was not more freedom, but to know the right use of the freedom they already had.

Lincoln and the Churches

Different writers differently classify Lincoln. He is claimed by Roman Catholic, Spiritualist, Quaker, Methodist, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Baptist and atheist. On which side did he really belong? He reverently sat in his pew in the First Presbyterian church of Springfield, Illinois, Sunday after Sunday, or took his weekly place among worshipers in the New York Avenue Presbyterian church of Washington, D. C. His parents were married by Rev. Jesse Head, a Methodist minister; and his mother was buried in Indiana by Rev. David Elkin, a Baptist preacher whom the family had known in Kentucky.

Was it not Viscount Morley who said: "Religion has many dialects and many diverse complexions, but it has one true voice—the voice of human pity, mercy, patient justice and love." If true religion can be defined in these terms, then, not since the days when the voice of the Galilean Prophet resounded in the streets of Jerusalem—and was echoed in Antioch, in Rome, Athens, and in Wesley's England—has that voice been more clearly and convincingly heard than from Lincoln in America! His prophetic words are free from the entanglements which too often choke the moralities of high politics. His keen, sensitive, enlightened conscience; his benevolent heart—ever a well of human sympathy for the oppressed and helpless—were not more remarkable than his sagacity, his reverence for law, and his unique gifts of speech.

What is Religion?

If to be religious means to be reasonable, charitable, hopeful and kind; if it means devotion of one's life to righting wrongs, at whatever pain or cost in personal sacrifice—who among the modern saints outlives Abraham Lincoln in the essential verities? If to be religious is to have an indomitable faith in righteousness and its ultimate reign over the human family, what prophet of the last century has been more communicative of that faith than he? If to be religious means that in the struggle for right, one must remember that there is a worse evil than error—and that is deliberate injustice toward those in whom that error dwells—we are confident that time will acclaim Lincoln preeminent in this difficult art. He gave civilization a new birth by vindicating right and abolishing wrong; by imbuing our democracy with a new vision of the race; and by sustaining the legitimate aspirations of its most neglected and unfortunate groups.

And what was his chosen method, or his weapon? Simply argument based on sound reason, seasoned with a quenchless love for his fellowmen. His peculiar armor was that charity which "thinketh no evil." Other, and baser, weapons were thrust on him by unavoidable necessity. It was the supreme tragedy of his life that he—of all men most peaceful, most brotherly, most kind—should be compelled to wage a war in which brother rose up against brother, father against son, son against father. Though he did not, could not, shrink from the fearful ordeal imposed by the logic of events, but urged its swift passage till the end was won, President Lincoln suffered through it all more than any of his compatriots at the battle's front; while they fought, he prayed. In pathos and tragedy, his story is unequaled in all the history of misfortune touched with grandeur and sorrow mingled with power that seemed absolute.

Saddest and Bravest of Men

Not even the Carpenter of Nazareth, cradled in a stable, entered life lower than this child opening his eyes in a cheerless log cabin. History holds the story of none who passed from a cradle so humble to a throne so glorious. Looking on his marred face, Lincoln seems the saddest, bravest, gentlest, most picturesque and pathetic figure in human history. He climbed steep hills toward yonder heights where stood fame's temple! Sharp rocks cut his feet, blood reddened every step of the way! Blind with pain, he carried his load; often thorns tore his flesh; enemies beset his path; cold winds buffeted him. Oft his bread was crust, his garments torn. Never did a poor boy conquer so many obstacles, or a rich boy climb so high.

Looking back, his little log cabin shames our ceiled houses. His three or four books rebuke our listlessness amidst vast libraries. His six months on a rude school bench rebuke our ignorance, after fifteen years in schools and colleges. His humble poverty dims the luster of our gold. His artless honesty condemns our political trickery. His patience amid forty years of adversity, criticism and sorrow, makes shameful our rebellion against brief moments of misfortune. The greatness of his soul has lent dignity and value to millions of our struggling poor. More and more we shall recognize his unique supremacy. His area was one of great names, but his name will stand forever above them all.

> Say—if men ask for him—that he has gone home,
> Home to the hearts of all that love their kind;
> And they that seek him there henceforth, shall find
> Their man of men—in all men's hearts at home.
> The Mother made him from her common loam,
> And from her worldwide harvest filled his mind. . . .
> She said: I make a universal man,
> Warmed with all laughter, tempered with all tears,
> Whose word and deed shall have the force of fate.
> I have not seven in all, since time began
> Of men like these. They last a thousand years.
> They have the power to will, the will to wait!

Good News for Bad Times

By Preston Bradley

Man shall not live by bread alone. Matthew 4:4.

I MIGHT have called the sermon of the morning: "The Gospel for Bad Times," for the word "gospel" is only a word which means "good news," but instead of giving it a sort of historical or ecclesiastical twist by calling it "The Gospel for Bad Times" I have chosen to call it "Good News for Bad Times," which means exactly the same thing.

Harpers, the New York publishers, issued for many years annual volumes of sermons by outstanding voices of the American pulpit, which they called, "If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach." I suppose that those books represent the very finest and the best expression of the personality and thought of the men who were invited to contribute to these volumes. Last year an English publication conceived the idea of asking a group of laymen if they would contribute sermons to a volume which they entitled, "If I Could Preach Only Once," and I have often wondered what the contri-

bution would be on the part of the laymen. In our own church here, if the laymen, the people who sit in the pews, should have an opportunity to preach just once, I wonder what they would say. In this book "If I Could Preach Just Once," which was published in England, the differentiation of contours contributed to the interesting character of the volume. Sheila Kaye-Smith has a sermon in the volume, as have Bertrand Russell and Gilbert Chesterton, and you might be interested to know that Chesterton begins his sermon by saying: "If I had only one sermon to preach, it would be a sermon against fear."

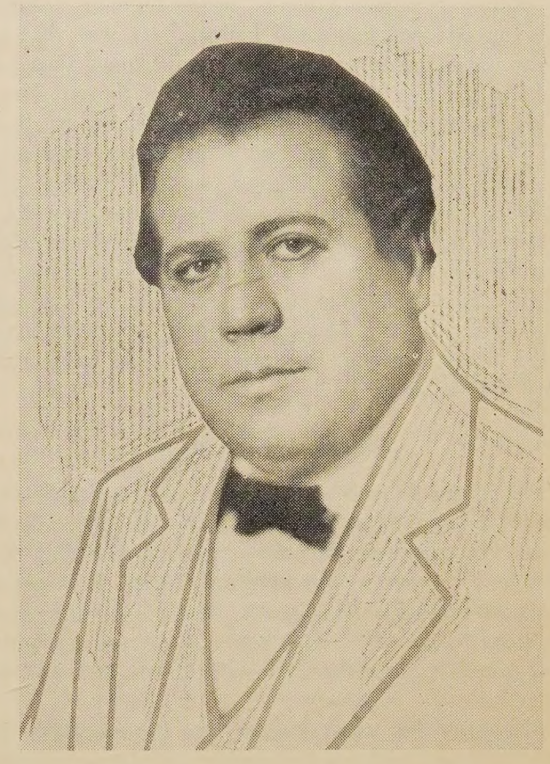
I went over this series of sermons preached by laymen very carefully. First, because I think that the effectiveness of a minister's message, in this particular age, can only be determined by his awareness of what the pew, or what the laymen of the world and of the country, are experiencing in the situation through which we are now passing. It is not enough to come, these days, with merely ethereal statements or platitudinous rotundities or ephemeral or finely chiseled phrases molded to perfection in accuracy of diction or composition. It is not enough, these days, to come with a speech that has to do primarily with spoken words. It is not enough, these days, to have the responsibility of public utterance and to bring to that responsibility detachments, idle detachments, based upon not being aware of the intellectual currents that are sweeping through modern society, or an awareness which evidences a lack of understanding of that great, inner, intangible surge that is taking place in the structure of humanity. It is not enough merely to be speculative about an uncertain future on a basis of our own little petty wishes and desires, unproved theories and undeveloped ideals.

An Hour for Real Thinking

This is an hour which demands penetration! This is a moment which demands a fundamental approach to the problems involved! This is an hour that is definitely in conspiracy against anything that is cheap or shoddy or temporal! This is an hour where eternal things are being weighed in the balance of men's ambitions! This is an hour in which we are going to know a deeper experience with the realities and the motivations of civilization as they are working themselves out in government, in education and in religion! An hour of such tremendous reality that to merely daydream in a moment like this is to lose the contact which is the source of all power in any effort to solve the problems of the moment.

I wish I could be sufficiently penetrating and sufficiently philosophical in my interpretation of history to be able to see in this moment something so definite and something so tangible that all of the wish-thinking that so characterizes us would be eliminated in the presence of that which is fact-thinking and of factual character and of factual relationship. I am very frank to confess to you, my friends, that as this present situation deepens, as disillusionment follows disillusionment, as illusion follows illusion, as despair stalks upon the heels of despair, as an incompetent leadership in a world of chaos attempts, in high places, to settle the problems of such international significance that the destiny of civilization, in a very true sense perhaps, hangs in the balance—in the midst of this why am I audacious enough to dare intimate that there is good news, that there is a gospel for an age like this; that there is a program of such definite scientific character that to obey it is recovery, and to follow it is redemption; that there is good news for humanity, good news in the presence of all that could be characterized as bad and chaotic?

Do you know any reason why these times should be? Well, there is not any real reason, not one. A real reason would involve some great disturbance of the



Preston Bradley

bounty of nature, and nature has never been so kind. We have never had such a blessing as we have had this past year. The last crops that have been garnered from the fertile fields of American soil were the most lavish in our history. More wheat, more corn, more produce than ever before in all our history, and side by side with that more hunger! Now any man who thinks at all cannot but say there is no real reason.

"Bread" Not the Whole Story

Gold, *gold,* has anybody taken the gold of the earth and sunken it in the bottom of the sea? No, it is here. All these things are here, and the interpreter of human history bases his philosophy upon the materialistic conception of history which gave birth to that other phrase known to all serious students of economics, the economic determinism of history—phrases that you must not ignore. The materialistic conception of history which throws back to the world

one word, "bread." That's the word, "bread." And then recall the whole history of human kind from the beginning unto today—the tendency of human history has always been determined on man's quest for bread. Back of the whole picture is a thing called economics and industry.

Well, I am just beginning to wonder if that is quite true. I am just beginning to wonder if that is the whole story.

I know that bread is motive. Haven't I been afraid of poverty all my life? Haven't you? I think the most awful agony that gnaws at the heart of man is the suspicion that some day he too will know the hunger pangs. I know that in a world where you felt so safe and secure and you were cutting coupons by the thousands and had bonds by the bundles, I know that you felt nothing could happen. It was that security which came to you when you knew that you could at last face the wolf of poverty with your hands at his throat and you were choking poverty to death and it gave you comfort, and it gives any man comfort, and I know of no more stalking misery that walks up and down and in and out of the very doors of history that men fear more, and is more devastating, than the fear of poverty. I know of nothing that takes out of a man more than to be a dependent. Nothing! The demoralizing, devastating thing of being compelled to ask somebody for anything works havoc with every human soul!

Humiliating the Poor

That's the danger of this hour, not so much that people are hungry as it is that people have to ask for food. Not so much that they are cold, but that they have to ask someone for clothes. Those of you who have, don't humiliate the poor! There is nothing more irritating to me than the superiority of security which those who have sometimes flaunt before those who have not.

The other day when I went into a home with five little children, with unemployment for sixteen months, and we were trying to see what could be done, in came two women, gowned and furred, rich evidently, and they meant to be kind, but one of them whispered to me so that the mother of that little home heard it, and said: "You know, we have been wanting to see for ourselves what this unemployment was doing," and so they came to a show, a drama of misery and hunger.

If I say nothing of consequence this morning except this—in the name of God, you who have, give in such a way that you don't hurt those who have to accept! I tell you, the thing that I see that is happening more and more is a demoralization which is coming out of the awful specter of unemployment and poverty, the breaking down of morale of men and women who were basically fine! Think of it, that's the agony of it all! Men and women who a year ago were themselves helping to sustain the poor are today being sustained themselves; they are broken too, now, and, O, the haunted look in their eyes and the hunted look in their faces, and the way they walk!

Now I want to say this, my friends, and I say it as kindly and carefully as I know how to say it, we haven't any right to ourselves these days, we haven't any right for ourselves, after all. I am beginning to feel that the only way out is for those who have to lose, and for those who have not to recover some of the great, fine, powerful principles of this whole structure called human life! May I give you that which is only a restatement of a fine thesis of my life and say that I am anchoring to it more and more every day that I live; I am as confident of it as I am that I am standing in this pulpit. I am confident that this modern world is going to give birth to a new order and a new standard!

I look first of all for a renaissance, and that renaissance is going to open up the gateway to a new reformation, and just as the last renaissance was the reformation of the European intellect and the last reformation was the renaissance of the European heart, out of this new renaissance and this coming reformation is going to come, blazoned across the sky of men's hopes, a gospel of three things.

Intelligence, Conscience, Courage

The first is that all this present situation is making us intelligent. There is more actual intelligence at work in the world today than ever before, with the rapidity by which the means of information is conveyed. More people are thinking for themselves today than ever in the history of human thought, refusing to let their rabbis, ministers, bishops think for them, refusing to base their opinion on headlines of newspapers and editorials. There is a great awakening of the human mind. That is first.

This is the last winter that you are going to face what you are facing now. This winter will not be duplicated again. The next winter will be the best that the United States has known for eight or ten winters. This is the last winter of this kind, for the intelligence that is being released is going to bring into play an opportunity for another thing that finally is gripping us.

The conscience of men is now beginning to work and those who have had no conscience are going to have anguish and bankruptcy brought to their very thresholds; it is going to gnaw and eat into their hearts and homes. Conscience, dulled and stupefied in behalf of human misery and woe, is going to speak again. You will have a revival of conscience and there are some who simply never will be able to do again what they have done before. Intelligence and conscience!

Now, what is the final good news for the future? The best of all, *courage!* We have got our brains to reverberating, now we are beginning to think a little bit for ourselves; we are not labeled by political parties, we are voting out of the rut; political party lines are broken and demoralized, a great evidence of man's individual thinking; he is not going to be a mule or a sheep any longer, his conscience has been touched and it is hurting him to the quick. Why, as long as men were losing their jobs and the poor were the only

ones to suffer, conscience did not hurt, but now conscience hurts everybody because this condition has taken hold of the rich as well as the poor, and there is not one that escapes the influence of it.

Courage Will Find a Way!

It is a universal situation and we are thinking, and our conscience is bothering us and now we are going to have courage. We are going to get weary of this situation, we are going to get tired of it, these constant charity and giving appeals, this depression, anxiety, frustration, the constancy of this chaos, we are going to get tired of it, and when we get just so tired you are going to see courage born and a new type of leadership in the pulpit and editorial rostrum, at the bar, in medicine, in industry; a new system of production and factory management and efficiency will be brought out of all this turmoil, and there will be a new day, a new era of the world!

I never have been so hopeful, never so triumphant as I am this morning. In spite of the 373,000 people in the Chicago area out of employment, the 20,000 children going to school hungry in a nation like this, in a civilization where we have produced brain and intellect, do you think we are going to stand by and see it rot through inefficiency and incompetency? It is not going to be done! This world is going to get out of the trouble it is in. A new day is dawning, these pangs are birthpangs. Out of the womb of civilization is coming a new day for mankind! It will take years and years, but I am as confident that that leadership is coming as I am that I stand here in this pulpit.

Out of the high schools and colleges of America, out of the factory and the mine, from the farm and the office, a new dawn is lighting up the foreheads of the next century, and with that dawn away goes your purely materialistic conception, away goes your economic determinism, away goes all of your groveling in the dust and gutter of life! Man is going to turn his face once more toward the stars.

The Voice from Galilee

That gentle prophet of Nazareth, that poet of Galilee, that young rabbi of Jerusalem, forgotten, despised, rejected, is going to be enthroned again in the affections of men for the sheer beauty of his dream, and when that day dawns you will hear a voice, a voice that we have forgotten, a voice that no one really cared much about hearing, a voice that was not practical—you will hear a voice that we have not heard while men substituted bigness for greatness, and activity for insight until our bigness and our activity wrecked us; you will hear a voice and it will be a voice against your economic determinism, but it will use a very old word and that word is "Bread."

"*Man shall not live by bread alone.*" We have tried it and we have failed and out of our failure will come the spiritual renaissance of God, and then every man will be my brother and every heart will be a heart of love. We tried to live out of the things we possessed and we failed and now we will live not out of what we possess, now we will live on what possesses us, and to be possessed by an ideal for mankind is to live as we have never lived before!

What Is Worship?

BY ALBERT D. BELDEN

God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. John 4:24.

"WE LIVE," says Amiel in his famous journal, "by admiration and hope"—in other words, by worship, and none can view without deep misgiving the gross failure to worship that characterizes our modern civilization. When only ten per cent of such a people as the British worship with anything like regularity, it is not surprising that we make little progress towards the great ideals that shine so tantalizingly before mankind. It behooves the Christian people, therefore, to inquire very seriously and painstakingly into the art of worship in the hope that by raising the quality of it, it may become a more fascinating exercise for human souls.

How do you worship? Freely and eagerly or stiffly and perfunctorily? Does worship draw you or drag you? What is your *idea* of worship? It all depends on that. In his conversation with the Samaritan woman, Jesus gave classical expression to his thoughts on this matter.

"God is Spirit," he said, "and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Here Jesus traced the quality of worship quite definitely to the character of God. God must be worshiped according to his own nature or not at all, and his nature is "Spirit." It is a great pity the term "spirit" and its kindred term "spiritual" is, in our common use generally, so empty of positive meaning. If we try to work towards its meaning we shall find ourselves involved in a series of almost pure negations. Spirit is not-body, it is non-material, it is invisible, intangible. Correspondingly, the term "spiritual" as applied to character has come to mean very largely one that is *not* this and *not* that. It is *not* worldly, it is *not* materialistic, it is *not* pleasure-loving, and so on. We discover the positive content of such a word better when we realize that our nearest clue to the meaning of "spirit" is by way of our own "spirit" or "personality." It is quite true that "spirit" or "soul" implies something deeper than personality. It stands for that fundamental unifying selfhood which expresses itself in personality. But inasmuch as personality is the flowering of the spirit, it does show us the spirit's true nature. It would be a considerable gain, therefore, if, in place of the term "spiritual," we could more consistently use the term "personal," realizing that when Jesus described God as "spirit" he was saying in effect—"God is personal," a truth which he stated in another way when he gave to God the name of "Father."

Now, personality as we know it, is the unity of three powers—the power of thought, the power of

feeling, the power of will—implying action; and to say that God is Spirit is to say that God is such a unity, and is to be approached by us through these powers, our thought reaching up to his thought, our emotion reaching up to his feeling, our wills taking upon themselves the character of his will. Worship is only really "spiritual," as Jesus demanded it should be, when it is this lifting up of the human personality towards the divine.

A Non-Ritualistic Worship

Now this analysis of the act of worship sets at once certain standards. I feel, for example, that justice to Christ's description of God as spirit demands very great care in Christian worship, of the use of material aids. It is definitely against the extreme ritualistic tendencies of pagan religion. This great utterance of Christ's is in keeping most with the character of that (free church) type of worship which strives rather to be as independent of material aids as embodied spirits can be, in their approach to God, in order to concentrate upon the element of personality. Ritualism, on the contrary, is native to that sub-Christian view of God which stresses his sovereignty and misses his love. To approach him in a roundabout way, skirmishing, as it were, for safety, multiplying the media of approach, and at last relegating the fundamental acts of worship to a group of specially trained, and specially favored priests—this is to be expected of a faith framed on the model of imperial Rome. For that holy faith in the divine love which Jesus revealed, however, it is fitting only to come to God in as directly personal a manner as possible, deeply reverent, of course, and with high dignity of approach, but honoring the equal right of access of each human soul "without respect of persons," realizing that the truest ritual is the personal activity of the human soul towards a personal God.

This is spiritual worship of a spiritual God—the only kind of worship that does real honor to the simplicity and profundity of God's love for his human children. It is the approach of children to a parent and not of slaves to a sultan. It is no true reverence to slight the nature of God in the attempt to worship him, to cast a shadow upon his love, to intrude a doubt into his welcome. I feel that this kind of thing needs saying, and saying rather bluntly in these days of a thoughtless and increasing sacerdotalism.

With All Thy Mind

Let us turn, however, to examine the more positive contents of this spiritual worship. There is, first of all, the intellectual element. This is much stronger in the teaching of our Lord than many often realize. Jesus startled the religious consciousness of his time by his boldness of thought regarding God. It was this strange element of authority that so astonished his hearers. In the main, their religious life was lived by tradition. They lived by what other men thought, and other men taught. It was a shock to them to hear a rabbi declare, "but 'I' say unto you." Jesus asserted that the first commandment was that men should "love God with all their heart, and all their soul, and all their strength, and all their mind." He asked brusquely, "Why judge ye not for yourselves what is right?" He declared: "The Holy Spirit shall lead you into all reality." The whole life of God represents the destiny of the human mind. We are to think his thoughts after him, not a selection of his thoughts. "Man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

The act of worship, therefore, makes a great intellectual demand upon the Christian. We have no right to come to church with sluggish brains, in careless mental mood. We have no right to live a careless mental life.

The kingdom of God will come on earth only by hard thinking on the part of Christian people, only by

Albert D. Belden

the sternest pursuit of knowledge. When Jesus declared, "I am the Truth," he was not giving to mankind an easy solution of life. He was calling them into a strenuous mental communion with the Personality Divine. When did you last read a hard book, or do you invariably shirk such books? Have you any aspirations towards the poet or the philosopher of your time? Does it do honor to your faith to acquiesce in feeble-mindedness? You have no patience with thoughtful sermons! Is it unthoughtful sermons and unlearned discourses that you desire? The sermon has a high place in free church worship because such worship aspires to be truly spiritual. It struggles towards the Divine Mind.

If this were the standard we set ourselves in worship, with what dignity would our pulpits be clothed, both as to preaching and hearing! Once again would the voice of the prophet be heard in the land, and once

again would a noble patience, an earnest but reverent criticism characterize the pew. A wider culture would center itself in our churches. All noble art, all perfect music, all range of knowledge would be honored in the Christian community, and humanity's true mental inheritance in God would stand some real chance of appropriation. This is spiritual worship.

With All Thy Heart

But consider further the emotional content of worship. How do we *feel* when we come to church? Are our feelings disciplined, or do they just happen to be what they are at the moment? Are we careless of the desires with which we enter into worship? If we have been at a dance or a theater up till the small hours of the morning, our feelings may well be chaotic! The approach to God should be something more than a hurried rush after a late morning meal. Indeed, it might be well for that approach to begin on the day before, for the way in which we feel in worship is quite critical.

We all know the strongly individualistic worshiper —if he can be styled a worshiper. He enters the church as though he were saying to the whole community: "*I* have arrived." He walks up the aisle in an obviously swollen condition. He scowls if his place happens to be occupied by somebody who has no right to it—except the right of being a child of God. When he takes his seat it is as far as possible from other worshipers. He listens to the sermon with what he would call "an admirably detached mind," a sort of "won't-listen-if-I-can-help-it" expression! Eventually he leaves the church, never having once established sympathetic contact with any other soul—very much, one would imagine, in the condition of that Pharisee of whom Jesus said "he prayed with himself." *That is not worship.* Not until one has escaped from one's self into that Common Spirit of Us All, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," who is God, do we worship with the worship of the spirit.

True Worship Is Not Dull

Christ's promise that he would be in the midst of his worshiping disciples was given in the terms, "where two or three are *gathered together*"—not gathered separately, but *"together."* "He that gathereth not with me," he said, "scattereth abroad." The cold temper is quite sufficient to render worship null and void.

But then, what about the range of our feeling? Even when it is right in attitude it may be feeble in degree. How anybody can call religion dull is a mystery when it means reaching up to the feeling of the divine heart, that heart which is perhaps best described in the terms of the poet:

> All the unintelligible weight of the world's great anguish
> Forced through the channels of a single heart.

Do *you* enter into the tragedy of the world in any such degree? Is your gamut of feeling as universal as that of him who declared, "In all their afflictions I am afflicted"? Are there not many Christians so cold and reserved, even though they are well-meaning enough, as to be likened to those toy pianos from which there are octaves missing, and upon which no melody of true dimensions can be played? If the feeling-tone of our worship were adequate, could Christian people tolerate year after year the vile social conditions that still disfigure our land, the extremes of wealth and poverty, even within the borders of the church itself, the stinting of the gospel to the heathen world? The kingdom of God will come on earth only as the climax of a series of mighty deeds on the part of the church of Christ reaching up to the caliber of Calvary, but such deeds require a new baptism of feeling as well as of thoughtfulness before they will ever be accomplished. In worship a man lifts up his heart to God's heart that they may beat with the same pulse and share the same holy and illimitable passion. This is spiritual worship.

With All Thy Strength

But there is the third great element of action. William James warned us years ago that to subject ourselves to intellectual vision and emotional appeal and refuse action was to play fast and loose, very dangerously, with our own constitution.

The effect of conduct upon worship is most profound, according to Jesus. Read through the gospels and mark his emphasis upon the little word "do." "Not every one that saith 'Lord! Lord!'" he declared, "shall see the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven." "If a man hear my words and *do* them he buildeth his house upon the rock." "If a man love me he will keep my commandment and we will love him and make our abode with him." "He that will *do* shall know of the doctrine."

Perhaps nothing is so required to restore worship in our land as the simple, straightforward living of the Christian life. Could we but "coin our lives in loving deeds," many a faithless soul would believe in God again. But if that activity is not to be hopelessly shallow and inadequate amid the complexity of our modern civilization, it must be a life corporately planned, a program corporately determined by the whole host of Christian worshipers. The church is the body of Christ and a body is for action. Here is the true ritual of worship—the deeds of the body of Christ.

The activities of the churches in many cases at the present time are sadly inadequate to the Christian ideal. They seem to be engaged in a perpetual struggle to gather the financial sinews of a holy war they never have time to wage. Bazaars, sales of work, the raising of funds—these are not the true activities of Christian churches. The presentation of what true fellowship means in commerce, in politics, in creative culture—the exercise of a personal ministry to the poor, the sick, the criminal, the "down-and-out," on a far greater scale of numbers than has ever been attained before, these would bring us nearer to some adequate expression of the redemptive truth we see and the redemptive passion we embrace in worship. The Church Catholic badly needs great geniuses in or-

ganization—men of bold action, not afraid even of committing great blunders so long as the deadly habit of lethargy is broken.

A man once reached a church service late, and was actually entering the church as the worshipers were leaving. "Is the service over?" he asked a friend in some surprise, and whimsically this friend replied, "Well, no, according to the preacher this morning the 'service' is only just about to begin." No amount of devotions can make up for devotedness. Only a passionate and painstaking service of humanity is worthy of the Son of Man, who came "not to be served but to serve and give his life a ransom for many." This only is spiritual worship.

Living One's Own Life

(A Sermon to Young People)

BY HUGH MCLELLAN

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Ecclesiastes 11:9.

NEW conditions make new phrases, or if the phrase is not exactly new there is a new application. Parents and teachers have lately heard quite a harping on the statement, "I must live my own life." It is vague enough to cloud an issue, and true enough to carry weight. It is used a good deal in the movies. On the screen the passionate platinum or aluminum blonde goes out from the old home and the old husband to try the daisied path, and as she whirls out into the night, she throws back the tragic words, "I intend to live my own life." Many a modern son has, like the ancient prodigal, shut the mouth of his father by these same words. It is an ultimatum. There is something stunning and unanswerable in it, for obviously one ought to live his own life. Who can deny it?

The idea of the free and independent life is not new. Daniel chose to walk in the ways of his heart regardless of Babylonian laws and customs. The man who first carried an umbrella must have had some ideas along this line; to say nothing of the man who first drove an automobile. Without this determination to go one's own gait there would be no pioneers, inventors, explorers, or leaders in any field of living. There would be no adventure. The man who opens up any new way for human feet must first resolve to step out of old ruts and himself try out the new way of life. However, the declaration to live one's own life is not used today at the outset of fine undertakings and noble adventure; it is not used to announce a life of unselfish service; on the contrary, it is usually employed in justification of something questionable, something in the nature of moral revolt. It is often a defiance of accepted decencies, a resentment toward moral restraints. It is the expression of a spirit in our times.

That this is a spirit and not a mere phrase may be seen in its varied applications.

Life Expression and Education

Life expression as a way of education has real merit. The modern idea that education ought to lead something out of a man rather than put something into him is thoroughly sound. The theory is that education is really a means to help a man express his own life and nature. The old systems of education had much of repression in them. The student was put into the Procrustean bed and made to fit. The system was concerned more about the bed than about the sleeper. No doubt the old classicism turned out many great scholars; but, on the other hand, many went out halting on the thigh after that wrestling. It is plain that a sound system of education should recognize the inherent gifts and trends of life and develop them. In this way a student is led into the living of his own life.

Ian MacLaren, in "The Bonnie Briar Bush," tells of the old schoolmaster Jameson, who, being a born educator, used to stalk his boys for scholarship. In one he would discern the Latinist or the scientist and he would feed and develop the gift until he led the student into the ways marked by nature for his feet. For example, he noticed that one boy made a collection of insects and was absorbed in nature facts. Jameson lured him on to live his own life until he became the leading entomologist of Britain.

All this is obviously good, but in our modern application of the principle we forget that all natural bents are not good. It is all right to develop the milk production of Jerseys but quite another thing to develop the venom of rattlesnakes. A grape-vine is one thing, but poison-ivy is another. I doubt if every youth who yearns to play the saxophone should be encouraged. I doubt if every crooner should be allowed to live his own life. I doubt if every boy with a mania for throwing stones at cats and dogs and school windows is going to develop into a Christy Mathewson or a Lefty Grove. There must be a discrimination between real gifts and mere wilfulness. Living one's life is a sword which cuts both ways; it depends on what kind of life one proposes to live.

Unrepressed Impulse

The principle of living one's own life has a real place in some theories of psychology. Unrepressed impulse, desire, and will are basic in the philosophy of Freud, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, and D. H. Lawrence. These men seem to look upon all restraint and discipline as repressions, inhibitions, and ultimately, inferiority complexes. The keynote of this psychology is self-expression. These gentlemen have no use for Paul's doctrine of keeping the body under. The motions, impulses and desires of the body are a part of self, and self must be expressed. As to whether the self is good or bad does not seem to matter. In order that one might not develop an inferiority complex, wilfulness, under the evasive name of "self-ex-

pression" must ride roughshod over all conventions, customs and courtesies. This phase of psychology has no use for humility or sacrifice. If these graces get in the way of one's living one's own life, so much the worse for the graces. These exponents of self-expression regard fear as the special deadly enemy of the mind; it is the soil in which inferiority, depravity, neurosis, hysteria and insanity grow. This psychology regards all submissions, respects, and conformities as forms of fear leading to inferiority complexes; the fear of God is not excepted. The one who proposes to live his own life in his own sweet way, regardless of

HUGH MCLELLAN

God or man, is not without some quotable authorities. Bertrand Russell, in his recent work on Education, says that one generation of children properly educated would change the world. This is what he advocates as proper education: Children should not be forced to respect their elders. Children should not be restrained from profanity. Such restraint only makes profanity more attractive. Children should be free from sex taboos. Their conversation should be perfectly free on sex matters, even though their elders should think it indecent.

In a word, Mr. Russell thinks that youth should live its own life, and have its own way, walk in the way of its heart and in the sight of its eyes; and the world will be changed. No doubt a generation educated so would change the world. But what would the changed world be!

A New Code of Morals?

In the statement, "I must live my own life," there is usually a more or less concealed hostility to the moral code. When one starts for Reno as the first step in living his own life, he is ordinarily not concerned about self-expression as an element of education, or a principle of psychology; what he has in mind is a revolt against the ten commandments. He wants a code of morals more elastic and more accommodating. To such a man the moral law, the church, the minister, the traditional decencies are all repressors of the free spirit—kill-joys! The moral law is resented as an arbitrary thing, a fetter on the soul of humanity. Religion is the invention of a lot of ancient Puritans who neither understood life nor enjoyed it; and who saw to it that nobody else would. Such is the usual reaction in the soul of one who substitutes his own desires for the law of God.

> Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!

Many a man since Omar Khayyam has thought the scheme "sorry," when it was the heart's desire that was "sorry." Also it might be well to consider that there is not much danger of our shattering the moral scheme to bits; it is we who are shattered. It's a losing fight, the fight against God.

As long as the revolt against the moral code is confined to lovely verse and flickering screen, not much harm is done; it is still in the air of speculation. However, it sometimes comes down to earth and demonstrates itself in real action; and the proof of the pudding is the eating of it.

Wrecking One's Life

Here is a true and typical case. Two or three years ago the whole country was stunned by the horrible murder of a young lady undergraduate at a noted state university. The murderer was a professor in the institution. It appears that the teacher and the young woman were attracted to each other and possibly fell in love. However the "sorry scheme" was against them, for he was already a married man, and she the product of a religious home. The moral law, the civil law, and conscience combined against them. They decided that their own feelings and desires were a surer guide to happiness than all the old-fashioned codes; so they secretly entered upon an illicit life. But it was not as easy as it looked; there was the university with its rules, and there was public opinion, and there were their own moral natures. They lived together in duplicity, in hypocrisy, and in fear. At last, after having eaten of the forbidden fruit, their eyes were opened and they saw themselves in moral nakedness; and there was panic in their souls; and they were ugly in each other's eyes; and they hated each other; and their Eden was gone. One morning the horribly hacked body of the young woman was found; just a bundle of blood and rags. The man was tried, condemned, and sent to the electric chair.

The point in all this is that if these people had been questioned as to their conduct; had been asked, why this disreputable course? why this revolt against de-

cency and religion? why this infidelity to wife and home? the answer surely would have been, "We have decided to live our own lives." But they did not *live* their lives; they wrecked them. They did not know that the law of God is not an arbitrary thing designed to stifle joy, but the indicated way of the soul itself. We are his, made in his nature, made for him, and we cannot be happy unless in living our own lives we also do his will.

Expressing the Good!

It would be well for all who believe in self-expression to be sure that it is only the good, the beautiful and the true that is worthy of any expression. To live one's own life is a noble desire, provided it means living out the good and living down the bad. We ought to be honest with ourselves and ask what it is we intend when we decide to live our own lives. Do we mean to pitch life high or pitch it low? Is it a high resolve to uplift a standard or to drag one down? Does the phrase express a fine purpose or a mere wilfulness? Is it a girding of the loins for the fight, or is it a quitting of the battle?

A very fine highway runs from Winchester to Lexington, Kentucky. Every day thousands of people go over it; some go fast and some go slow, but all may go. There are curves and hills and places where one must watch out. At points along the road there are rows of white posts with heavy chains, guards to keep people out of the ditch. These white posts are not there to repress the motorist or to slow him down; they are there to keep him out of the ditch. Once in a while a motorist decides to have his own way about this and, crashing through, goes into the ditch and breaks his neck.

The way of life is just such a highway. Experience has marked out a safe and happy road. On this road one may travel fast or slow according to his choice and temperament. There are road rules of courtesy, morals, customs and regards. There are rows of shining restraints to keep the soul out of the ditch. These guards are not across the road to repress any traveler; they are not against him but for him. They were put there not in hate but in love.

So, young men and women, live your own life, walk in the ways of your heart and in the sight of your eyes; go fast or slow, but keep on the road. Stay out of the ditch.

Fair and free, night and day,
Fair and free is the King's Highway!

The Will to Serve

BE thou guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowéd end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve.

JEANNETTE B. GILDER.

Singing in the Sacrifice

BY HOBART D. MCKEEHAN

And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also. 2 *Chronicles* 29:27.

IT IS highly significant that the altar should stand at the center of every sanctuary of worship and that it is the oldest and most meaningful piece of ecclesiastical furniture in the world. The altar is the eternal symbol of sacrifice, and sacrifice is the lifeblood of true religion. The altar is the place of prayer and vision, the meeting place of sinful man and a holy God. Toward it all penitent eyes are lifted and before it all seeking souls are equal. The altar speaks the language of God, and if for man its inner meaning remains ineffable, it must be remembered that the finest things in life are always beyond the reach of human understanding, adequate explanation or definition.

In the worship which is described in the ancient chapter from which our text is taken, there are two offerings made by the people. The first was an offering for sin, a scene of sacrificial blood upon the altar —the historic foreshadowing of the blood of Christ. Following this offering for sin, burnt-offerings were laid upon the altar, and when the sacrament of the burnt-offering began, "the song of the Lord began also." And what was the significance of the burnt-offering? It was the token of man's surrender to the will of God. It was the symbol of the complete consecration of human life. It meant the offering up of self—the surrender of body, soul and possessions to him in whose name and cause the altar had been built.

Gladness the Child of Devotion

What a revealing text this is! When the burnt-offering begins, the song of the Lord begins also! Gladness is the child of devotion, and music the soul of consecration. The lesson of the text is plain: There must be joy in our giving and music in our sacrifice. Why do men give grudgingly? Why do they show such little interest in the benevolent work of the church —the work which is, in point of fact, the vital work of the Lord Jesus Christ? Obviously, they have not shared the vision and meaning of the altar, of "the one perfect sacrifice," and they know not the unspeakable joy of God's music-makers. Today a sad and plaintive note is heard on every hand. Churches are finding it difficult to finance themselves and the mission boards of all communions are lamenting their tragically inadequate support. It would be easy, of course, to offer "reasons" for this unhappy condition. We might say that the blame rests with our universal depression, with unbusinesslike methods, with our proclamation of outworn theologies or a spurious and arid liberalism. But in offering any or all of those "reasons" for a pathetically declining benevolence we are not stating the one fundamental reason, which is, that Christian men and women are not singing in their sacrifice. The altar seems dim and distant and the

worshiper evokes no heavenly music because his self-surrender is only partial or conditioned.

We have neither appreciated nor appropriated the radiant glory of our faith. Wherever Christian men and women find life's supreme joy in sharing, lifting their sacrifices upon the altar in song, saving life by giving it—there the cross moves forward. When a man learns to give in the spirit of Jesus, offering all and witholding nothing, that man has struck the chord of the Altar Anthem and the jarring discords of the world are lost in the unearthly music of our God.

Let us consider, therefore, some of the characteristics of Christian giving, of that human sacrifice which is always accompanied by "the song of the Lord."

In the first place, the Christian must give himself. He must present himself a "living sacrifice." He must consecrate himself without any reservation. To offer a check while one withholds the heart will evoke no music. The surrender of self must be full and final. The notes of the Altar Anthem never can be struck until such surrender has been made. The reason why Christians are unhappy, said John Wesley, and why they find their sacrifices unpleasant, is because they have made no surrender of their lives. But when such surrender has been made, freely and without reserve, when penitent man offers himself to a holy God—ah! what melody lifts and transfigures the heart. Every steward of the mysteries of grace can testify concerning this fact. Every good minister of Jesus Christ can point to at least a few of those rare music-makers of the Lord who sing in their sacrifices, who joy in what they share, and who, when some heavy and inescapable burden presses in upon them, smile through tears and say, "This, too, like the summer rose, is from God."

The happiest people of any community are precisely those who have made complete surrender to God. And by the same token, the most miserable and unhappy are those who compromise, who, though lifting some painfully given contribution toward the altar with one hand, hold something back with the other.

Giving that Lacks a Soul

Again, it must be remembered that though "the gift without the giver is bare," evoking no music and bringing no joy, yet the size of a material gift does not determine its value in the sight of God. After giving one of his munificent donations to charity, a certain American millionaire confessed saying: "It is true I gave some pieces of paper, but they did not represent anything to my mind. So far as I know there are as many bonds in my safe deposit box as there were before." Well, one need not question his motives to say, "There was no music, no song, in his

A Prayer for Those in Government

By Glenn Frank

ALMIGHTY God, Lord of all governments, help us to realize the sanctity of politics. Help us to know that the call to office is nothing less than a call to cooperation with Thee in the wise direction of life in this commonwealth.

Give us the insight and grant us the power to lift this business of government into an adventure that we may with reverence call the Politics of God, because by it we shall seek to fashion the life of this commonwealth in the likeness of that City of God which has been the dream of saints and seers for unnumbered centuries.

Save us from the sins to which we shall be subtly tempted as the calls of parties and the cries of interest beat upon this seat of government. Save us from thinking about the next election when we should be thinking about the next generation. Save us from dealing in personalities when we should be dealing in principles. Save us from thinking too much about the vote of majorities when we should be thinking about the virtue of measures. Save us, in crucial hours of debate, from saying the things that will take when we should be saying the things that are true. Save us from indulging in catch-words when we should be searching for facts. Save us from making party an end in itself when we should be making it a means to an end.

We do not ask mere protection from these temptations that will surround us in these legislative halls; we ask also for an ever finer insight into the meaning of government that we may be better servants of the men and women who have committed the government of this commonwealth into our hands.

Help us to realize that the unborn are part of our constituency although they have no vote at the polls. May we have greater reverence for the truth than for the past.

Help us to make party our servant rather than our master. May we know that it profits us nothing to win elections if we lose our courage.

Help us to be independent alike of tyrannical majorities and tirading minorities when the truth abides in neither. May sincerity inspire our motives and science inform our methods. Help us to serve the crowd without flattering it and believe in it without bowing to its idolatries.

Almighty God, Lord of all governments, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid, may the words of our mouths, the meditations of our hearts, and the intent of our measures be acceptable in Thy sight. May we come with clear minds, clean hands, and courageous hearts to the sacrament of public service. May we be worthy of the high calling of government. Amen.

giving." Instinctively one turns from such a confession to recall anew the words of the Master when, after watching the contributions which were being placed in the Temple treasury, "he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which did cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." The newspapers may laud the gift of the millionaire, but the ages will never forget the poor widow and her two mites. The hands of men may applaud the gift

HOBART D. MCKEEHAN

of the capitalist, but the poor widow, and all of whom she is the symbol, will be applauded by the pierced and broken hands of the Son of God!

All this is but another way of saying that what is most acceptable to God is one's best. When anyone offers his best, the music begins. Then, and not till then, is there singing in the sacrifice. I am very fond of that old medieval story of the juggler who, in his poverty and distress, was received into a monastery. When he saw how all the brothers of the monastic life were serving God, tending the sick with wise skill, singing his praises with trained voices and copying and illuminating the manuscripts which contained his word with exquisite artistry, while he could do nothing, he was sad at heart. One night he was missed, and the abbot was scandalized to find him in the chancel of the chapel. He had laid there a piece of bright carpet that he used to take to fairs and carnivals, and lying on his back, before the high altar, he was giving his performance with every ounce of strength and skill he possessed, keeping his metal balls aloft, throwing and spinning them with all his power and art. The abbot stepped forward in haste and in anger. He was beginning to rebuke him for such sacrilege, when, so the legend goes, the statue of the Virgin moved from her pedestal and flung her white robe over the juggler in token that his offering—the best he could give—was accepted by her Son.

Making Life Creative

Once more, let us remind ourselves that mere living becomes creative living only when it becomes sacrificial. The roots of the tree of spiritual progress have been watered by crimson rain. Behind and beneath every truth taught by Jesus is the creative and ever emerging power of his sacrificial life and death. What he was, what he is—that is the center, the secret and the source of the power of Christianity. Men may admire what Jesus taught, but they are not transformed by his teaching. They are transformed by what he has wrought and by "the shock of a new and creative life" which he achieves within the hearts of men today.

What happens within the mysterious regions of the soul when a man makes a complete surrender and offers himself an unconditioned sacrifice? What miracle of grace is wrought? What divine principle causes the heavenly music to accompany our human surrender? Perhaps no one has answered these questions and perhaps no one can. An eminent Oxford scholar, to whom many of us are indebted for his lucid exposition of the "Theology of Crisis," has expressed the mystic secret quite as well as man can express it. Writing of the new life in God through Christ—this new life of vision and joy and music—he says: "The power of God is set over against the weakness of man, the victory of God is set over against the defeat of man, the new life in Christ is set over against the old life of man, which is dominated by the forces of sin and death. Between man's desire and God's fulfillment there is no continuity; there is no development from one to the other. We must die to live."

For Love's Sake

Even so, an example is more eloquently convincing than a statement, and every street and village in America offers its examples. Out yonder on the edge of my parish is a young mother. She is kneeling by a little crib. The baby has been ill. The young mother's eyes glisten with tears, and yet she is smiling through. A few years ago that young woman was a thoughtless, carefree girl. Today she would lay down her life for her little one. What is the secret of the change that has been wrought in that young woman's breast? Simply this. She has, with a Christian conscience and a delicate spiritual awareness, begun to offer her burnt-offering, to bestow everything for love's sweet sake, and you have only to be in her presence to look into her eyes to see that with her suffering she has discovered her song.

> Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might,
> Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

So let us hear the conclusion of the matter. Christian giving is but the manifestation of Christian living. The problems of church finance and of missionary enterprise are not questions of business methods and technique. They cannot be solved in denominational offices, executive committees or ecclesiastical gatherings. They are problems of self-surrender to God through the living Christ, and the place of their solution is at the altar of their faith. Give us God-possessed and God-possessing men and women—men and women who have died to the earthly and who now live in the radiant light of the heavenly life—and our "problems" will become our joys. Let us say, from the heart, before we go hence this morning, "Lord, I lay myself upon the altar," and lo! there will be singing in our sacrifice.

Timely Verse

Washington

LONG are the years since he fell asleep
Where the Potomac flows gently by,
There where Mt. Vernon's green stretches sweep
Under the blue Virginia sky.
Warrior and statesman and patriot true,
Well had he wielded both sword and pen.
Truly, they said as they laid him to rest,
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."

Long are the years—and the land he loved
Stands among nations, grown strong and great;
True to his vision of long ago,
Proud of the hand that so shaped her fate.
Time but adds splendor to fame so fair,
Years but test greatness—and now as then
Sleeps he in peace on Mt. Vernon's hill,
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."

B. Y. Williams.

Lincoln, the Master

WE need him now—his rugged faith that held
Fast to the rock of Truth through all the days
Of moil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld
By very God was he—that God who stays
All hero-souls who will but trust in Him,
And trusting, labor as if God were not.
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim
Their glory; but his task was not forgot:

To keep his people one; to hold them true
To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—
Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew
Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.
Such was his task, and well his work was done—
Who willed us greater tasks, when set his sun.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

Brotherhood

GOD, what a world, if men in street and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human heart
Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,
Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

On a Bust of Lincoln

THIS was a man of mighty mould
Who walked erewhile our earthly ways,
Fashioned as leaders were of old
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height
Of brow—a will not wrought to bend!
Yet in the eyes behold the light
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test
Of quibbling schools that praise or ban;
Supreme in all the broadest, best,
We hail American.

When bronze is but as ash to flame,
And marble but as wind-blown chaff,
Still shall the luster of his name
Stand as his cenotaph!

Clinton Scollard.

Life's Illusion

HE toiled and saved his earnings every day,
But starved his mind, and grasped at common things;
His prisoned soul ne'er struggled out of clay,
His better nature never found its wings.

He hoped to sit with Happiness at last,
Mansioned, sufficient, when he would be old;
But he was just a graveyard! and the past
Left naught for him but a rude pile of gold.

Alexander Louis Fraser.

Building

UPON the wreckage of thy yesterday
Design thy structure of tomorrow. Lay
Strong corner-stones of purpose, and prepare
Great blocks of wisdom cut from past despair.
Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.
Believe in God—in thine own self believe,
All thou hast hoped for thou shalt yet achieve.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Church Night—For Adults Only

By Murray H. Leiffer

WHO but the adult is the forgotten person in our present social and religious organization? For the past twenty or twenty-five years parents, pedagogues, and pastors have been concentrating on the problem of "the young people." If some device would increase the loyalty of son and daughter to the home and cause them to spend an occasional evening there, parents felt themselves fortunate; if the evening service would attract "the young people" to remain after Christian Endeavor, the minister was regarded as a success.

The adult himself has gone into an eclipse. He has worried so much concerning the training of his children and has been lectured so steadily on his faults as a parent, that he looks with pleased surprise at any program which makes him its center. Adults (and by this we mean chiefly those over thirty, who have been married several years and who are no longer classed as young people) also have needs. Now more than ever before they are hungry for friends; they know many people, but they want a few genuine friends with whom they may be congenial, whom they may call by first names, and with whom they may spend an occasional pleasant evening. To be sure, many an adult has his club and social functions, or enjoys a weekly or semi-weekly visit to the movie. The majority of people, however, never have been able to afford membership in clubs or, if they could, had a taste for simpler pleasures. Bridge, the club, the movie, the radio, make but a slight appeal to great numbers of men and women.

Now, baffled by the never-ending depression and all that has come with it, they stand in need of some simple and inexpensive form of social intercourse and activity which will furnish a basis for the development of friendships, give mental stimulation, and at the same time afford a release from tensions which plague their days.

• *A Program Built on Basic Interests*

It was some such reasoning as this which led to the suggestion that a number of interest groups be developed at the First Methodist church of Evanston, Illinois. Taken with the idea, the pastor of the church, Dr. Ernest F. Tittle, at once called together the presidents of the various adult organizations of the church to consider ways and means of augmenting the program for adults at the church. As a result of the meeting a committee was formed, composed of members representing each of the adult organizations. After a number of meetings a program was evolved, calling for eleven sessions on successive Tuesday evenings. To these the people of church and community were invited, for the purpose of meeting

Ernest Fremont Tittle
whose church at Evanston is solving a perplexing problem.

with others whose interests were similar to their own. The basis of the program was as follows: (1) It was designed for adults, although young people were welcome. (2) It was intended for men and women, no activity being undertaken which could not be participated in by members of both sexes. There are enough programs carried on which are designed for either men or women. (3) The program was to be interest-centered. People were to come because they wanted to, because they were attracted by the program, and not primarily because of loyalty. Only by providing for a wide range of interest groups could the participation of a large number be secured. (4) Every effort was made to keep the organization simple and to avoid expense.

The plan for the evening was to have a dinner for those who wished to attend, followed at eight o'clock by the meeting of the interest groups which remained in session until 9:05 o'clock or, if the members of the group desired, for a longer period. An informal social program varying from week to week was planned for those who cared to remain after leaving the interest groups. In all cases the organized activities of the evening were concluded by 9:45 o'clock and, incidentally, this early closing proved a very wise feature. The majority stayed from 6:30 to 9:45; others from 8:00 to 9:05; there was no attempt at regimentation.

• *Luring Outsiders to Church Activities*

Twelve interest groups were selected, including: Current Events; Drama—reading and production; History of Art; Review of Current Literature; Religion of the Old Testament; Religion of the New Testament; Religious Education of the Child; Photography, and Orchestra. That this list of interests appealed to large groups of people was abundantly shown both by the number who attended and by the remarks of a score or more who said, "I wish I were twins so I could go to at least two of the groups." A leader who was glad to give his evenings without any honorarium was secured for each group.

The desire of the committee and of Dr. Tittle was to interest men and women who had not previously been sharing actively in the social life of the church and also to give an opportunity for the developing of friendships. It was decided that one way in which this could be done was by having people eat together at a supper each Tuesday evening before the interest groups. Small tables, each seating eight people, were to be used. Assigned to each table would be a host and hostess whose responsibility it was to see that people at their table were introduced to one another and made to feel at home. In order that these hosts might be familiar with the program and become promoters of it, they were called to attend a dinner on the Thursday preceding the first Church Night. As a result of this meeting, there were forty couples or more enthusiastic about the undertaking, who were glad to spend a little time at the telephone inviting those members of the church who had not had any share in its social life.

• *They Continued to Come*

The response from the first was overwhelming. When almost five hundred persons came to the dinner on the first evening of the series, it

was evident that the idea had caught the imagination of the people. But would they continue to come? asked the committee. They did. For ten Tuesday evenings, in spite of much inclement weather, an average attendance of well over five hundred men and women was maintained in the interest groups, while three hundred or more came for the supper period each week. The program, designed as a community service, attracted many persons living in the area who were not church members. On the eleventh Tuesday, following the supper, a three-act play was ably presented by the Drama group, while the music of the evening was furnished by the orchestra, in which one of the violinists was Dr. Tittle.

•*Fighting Loneliness and Despondency*

As significant as the maintenance of the large attendance were the remarks of the people concerning the program. After his first evening in the orchestra one man, who played the piccolo, asserted, "You know, that was more fun than I've had in fifteen years." And a doctor who is well along in his sixties stated, "This is the thing we old fellows have needed." That this program reached a group often untouched by social, educational and recreational enterprises was indicated by the attendance of as many people over forty-five years of age as under. An elderly woman remarked: "I'm fighting despondency—the despondency that keeps coming up with the thought of growing old. And these Church Nights furnish the one bright event of the week." They helped her keep her courage and gave her something to think about.

An interior decorator, not a member of the church, was a regular attendant in the Art group. One evening he commented, "I have just learned the 'why' of things I have been doing all my life." The good fellowship which resulted from these meetings was evident in the chatting in the halls and in the desire of the groups to stay together, as well as in the statement of many men and women that in the course of a few weeks they had made more friends and acquaintances than in all their months or years of contact with the church.

When the question was raised, "Shall we have another series of Church Nights in the winter?" the answer was a unanimous affirmative. Such a series has now been planned, with a somewhat different listing of interest groups. All who have been connected with it have felt that this undertaking has been not only an experiment in fellowship, but also in adult education, the significance of which has increased as the weeks have passed. Indeed, the spirit of these gatherings has been so dynamic that a resident of Pasadena who was present on one evening has carried the idea back to his home church where it is meeting a similar response.

•*A Practical Idea for All Churches*

The fact that the community in which Dr. Tittle's church is situated has grown up around a university and therefore can furnish able leadership for such an undertaking does not mean that the same type of program would not work with equal satisfaction in other places. In smaller churches fewer interest groups would be needed, and other topics might be more appropriate. The essential thing is to build on the basic interests of the people of the community. Patterning a program on that which has been described, two rural churches are having an equal success in ministering to the social and educational needs of their adults. In each case, one of the most pressing concerns is the economic plight of the farmer. An interest group based on such a subject and others equally appropriate to the local community have called forth a more active response on the part of the men and women than has been enjoyed by the churches for years.

Whenever a church discovers and ministers to the vital felt needs—social as well as religious—of the men and women of its community, such a response may be expected.

APPRECIATIONS OF THE PULPIT

"The pulpit has been a treasured publication in my library since the first copy came from the press." Charles Haddon Nabers, First Presbyterian church, Greenville, S. C.

"The Pulpit comes regularly to my study. I read it with great enthusiasm." Clinton E. Ostrander, Congregational church, Whitewater, Wis.

"I find the Pulpit a most helpful magazine." James W. Wright, First Church United Brethren, Harrisonburg, Va.

"I hear many appreciative expressions from ministers of this part of the country concerning the Pulpit. Edward L. R. Elson, First Presbyterian church, La Jolla, Cal.

"I appreciate the stimulating sermons continually appearing in your publication." Frederick W. Cropp, Jr., First Presbyterian church, Wheeling, W. Va.

"When I first subscribed to the Pulpit, I thought to myself, well, here's a journal that will give us *names*. It will include only sermons by preachers in the public eye. But to my delight, the Pulpit has consistently included also preachers who are little known—but who are good preachers. I have found the journal a very useful means of studying contemporary preachers and preaching." W. R. Siegart, St. Matthew's Lutheran church, Reading, Pa.

"I am finding the Christian Century Pulpit a sharpener of the mind, a warmer of the heart, and uncomfortably often a pricker of the conscience." A. W. Beasley, City Road Chapel, M. E. Church South, Madison, Tenn.

"You gave me the opportunity of enjoying the Pulpit from the moment of its inception; ever since I have both enjoyed and profited by it." Ward H. Patrick, First Methodist church, Cuero, Tex.

"I enjoy the Pulpit. It gives me an opportunity to get ideas, and also to make comparison of my work with others. There is a large outlook we get from the Pulpit; it keeps one fresh in approach and of wide interest." William H. Telford, Presbyterian church, Xenia, O.

"I find the Pulpit stimulating and suggestive for my own preaching." E. Ralph Wiborg, Methodist church, Bellmore, N. Y.

"I enjoy both the Pulpit and the Century. They are by far the best in the field." Strother A. Campbell, First Baptist church, Tallahassee, Fla.

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• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

BORN in the Netherlands, Rev. JOSEPH R. SIZOO came to the United States in 1891. Having completed his academic education, he entered the New Brunswick theological seminary in 1910, receiving his B. D. degree there; he followed postgraduate courses at Columbia. He was ordained in the ministry of the Reformed Church in America in 1910, and was a missionary in south India for a year. Returning to America, he spent the years 1911 to 1924 as pastor at Walden, N. Y. and Somerville, N. J., then came to the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, Washington, D. C., where he now ministers. During the World war he was an army chaplain in Y service.

Attracted to Chicago by the late Dr. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, an intimate friend, Rev. S. CARLYLE SCHAEFFER received his academic training at the University of Chicago. From there he went to Auburn seminary, where he was granted his B. D.; he pursued postgraduate studies at Yale. He was called to the ministry of the Church of the Pilgrims, Southboro, Mass., and from there to Delphos, Kan. In 1920 he accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, Willows, Cal., and for the past two years has ministered to "The Church of the Roses" at Cardiff by-the-Sea, Cal.—a community church. Dr. Schaeffer has been closely associated with the family of the historic Ann Rutledge, and from them he has learned much concerning the character of Lincoln.

Since 1912 Rev. PRESTON BRADLEY *has* been gaining an ever-widening hearing as minister of the People's church, Chicago. Today he preaches to a visible audience of more than two thousand, and his radio audience is a vast one—he is one of the most popular radio preachers in America. Dr. Bradley early studied law, receiving a degree from Hamilton College of Law, Chicago. Entering the ministry, he at first served under the Presbyterian church, but in 1912 he withdrew from that fellowship to establish an independent ministry. In 1922 he united with the Unitarian conference. In 1926 Dr. Bradley dedicated a massive $750,000 home for the People's church. Dr. Bradley has made his church a center of community service of the most vital sort, and throughout the midwest he has become a great voice in behalf of liberal religion and a growing world brotherhood. He has been a member of the board of directors of the Chicago Library since 1926.

A native of Scotland, Rev. HUGH MCLELLAN spent several years in Australia, and from there came to this country. He was educated at Transylvania university, Lexington, Ky., having his M. A. degree from that school. His pastoral service—in the Disciples ministry—has been at Shelbyville, Ky., Richmond, Ky., San Antonio, Tex., and he is now ministers at the Christian church, Winchester, Ky.

Rev. ALBERT D. BELDEN *has been* minister at Whitefield's Central Mission church, Tottenham Court road, London, since 1927. Earlier pastorates were at South Bar church, Banbury and at Crowstone Congregational church, Westcliff-on-Sea; his ministry at Westcliff covered 15 years. He was educated at New college, Hampstead, University of London; there he was awarded his B. D. degree. Among Dr. Belden's many books are "The Greater Christ," "The Paradoxes of Jesus," and "Voices of the Great Creator."

A graduate of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed church, Rev. HOBART D. MCKEEHAN held his first pastorate at St. Paul's Reformed church, Dallastown, Pa.; since 1924 he has ministered at the Abbey Reformed church, Huntingdon, Pa. His academic education was received at Valparaiso and Oxford universities. Dr. McKeehan has done much literary work: one of his books is "The Patrimony of Life," and he has edited a number of volumes of sermons.

Dr. GLENN FRANK *is the president of* the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. MURRAY H. LEIFFER *is associate* professor of sociology at Garrett Biblical seminary and a member of Dr. Tittle's great church, the First Methodist of Evanston.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

GEORGE J. HUNSINGER, Presbyterian, Unionville, Mo. "Hazarded Lives." Acts 15:25, 26—"Our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

.....

Title of sermon

.....

Text used (Write out the text)

.....

Name of minister

.....

Name of church

.....

Address

BENJAMIN J. DAVIES, So. Park Baptist, Buffalo, N. Y. "The Danger-Line." Heb. 12:15—"Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God."

HOWARD L. BETHEL, First Baptist, Kingsville, O. "A Discouraged Man Faces Life." 1 Kings 19:4—"It is enough, Lord . . . take away my life."

J. EARL CUMMINGS, Christ Methodist Protestant, Laurel, Del. "Peace Insurance." Isa. 26:3—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

FREDERICK E. ROSS, Union M. E., Covington, Ky. "The Beatitude of the Tempted." James 1:12—"Blessed is he who endures under trial . . ."

VICTOR E. BECK, Grace Lutheran, Mankato, Minn. "When the Eternal Loses Patience." Luke 13:9—"If it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

FINALLY, the President and the President-elect have come together in a common policy toward the war debts. Mr. Hoover's magnanimity in putting aside his own pride of opinion and putting the authority of his office behind Mr. Roosevelt's policy, deserves the praise of his countrymen. The request of the British government for a conference on the British debt has been granted and the conference will take place in the early days of the new administration. Mr. Roosevelt's policy is to deal with the debtors singly, through executive action rather than through a commission created by congress for the purpose, as Mr. Hoover proposed. The joint statement issued after their conference pointed out that there were other matters besides the debts which could be conveniently discussed in connection with the debts. But disarmament was not mentioned. It is difficult to imagine any debt agreement finally reached and submitted to congress which does not provide for drastic disarmament. But the American public, and particularly the church public, must be vigilant in this matter. Any adjustment or reduction of debts must reassure the American tax payer that the savings to Europe which he is asked to assume will not be made available for new military expenditures. I believe that American opinion is so determined on this point that unless disarmament is provided for, outright repudiation would be preferred, for such a course would effectually bar future war loans and so act as a sort of peace guarantee.

Great Britain's Debt Plea to Be Heard

The Book of the Month

MORAL MAN AND IMMORAL SOCIETY, *by Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribners, $2.50.*

TO THOSE ministers who insist on keeping right at the front line of the intellectual battle, I recommend this book. I do not recommend it to others. There is nothing invidious in this distinction. I am thinking of the reading habits of many ministers and their limited purses, and trust my recommendation may be a helpful guide. Besides, there is plenty of good fighting back of the front line! And it may be well to let the hardier spirits go to the front while the rest of us work at the problems upon which we have not yet caught up. Dr. Niebuhr is one of the most interesting and certainly one of the most provocative mind in the American church. Anything he says is important. In this book he challenges the prevailing social idealism which hopes to bring about social and economic justice without resort to force. There is no way to get men who are entrenched in positions of economic power to renounce their position except by some sort of physical coercion. Thus Dr. Niebuhr, though long a pacifist leader, goes over to the school of Karl Marx, accepts the class struggle as inevitable and justified, and offers us in this book his conception of the function of religion in such a world struggle. Niebuhr stands on the firing line of the most contemporary thought. His thesis must be reckoned with. If you wish to get into the liveliest intellectual fray now going on, read Niebuhr.

A Thought for the Month

I MAY be altogether wrong, but I cannot look with enthusiasm and hope upon any organized effort to storm the citadel of the soul and take it for God. We are witnessing just now such an effort in our evangelical circles. It comes in the name of "first century Christianity" itself, and offers salvation on terms which it claims are so easy as to be almost casual. Its workers convey the impression of a jaunty kind of consecration which commends itself to many as symbolic of the simplicity and naturalness of the Christian life. But I have deep misgivings, not to say definite fear, of any such approach to the human soul. Its results may seem to be good, even marvelous, at the moment and under the spell of the artificial situation which is expertly set up. The principles of "sharing" and "confession" and "guidance" which are utilized as the technique of salvation may be, and of course are, divinely given. But the use which is made of this technique, the well disguised high-pressure under which the individual is put to get him to yield to it, and the unabashed exposure of one's inner life in public or in private which is induced—this all gives me pause. There is such a thing as using religion to weaken those normal restraints which sustain the soul's inner dignity. Any sort of revivalism which does this not only hurts religion but hurts the soul itself. I wonder if we should expect, after our long experience with revivals of many kinds, that any intensively organized attack from outside on an unprepared community can produce lasting, deep and really significant results. Without doubt there is truth and sincerity in these movements, and definite good is produced by them. But it is well to ask whether the good may not be mixed with such distortion, oversimplification, artificial stimuli and perhaps a form of exhibitionism whose fruitage ripens too quickly to long endure.

Salvation Under High Pressure

Charles Clayton Morrison

The MARCH issue of The Christian Century Pulpit will be a Lenten number; the April issue an Easter number, and the May issue a Memorial day-Mother's day number.

Among the contributors to these Special numbers, and to the June issue, will be:

E. Stanley Jones, world-famous missionary.
Ralph W. Sockman, *Madison Avenue Methodist Church*, New York City.
Robert Merrill Bartlett, *First Church of Christ*, Longmeadow, Mass.
Ray Freeman Jenney, *Park Central Presbyterian Church*, Syracuse, N. Y.
Alfred W. Wishart, *Fountain Street Baptist church*, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Henry Wade Dubose, *First Presbyterian church*, Spartanburg, S. C.
Harry Emerson Fosdick, *Riverside church*, New York City.
J. C. Massee, Evangelist, Atlanta, Ga.
Roger Eddy Treat, *Bushnell Congregational church*, Detroit, Mich.
Frederick F, Shannon, *Central Church, Chicago.*
Arthur J. Pfohl, *Zion Lutheran church*, Indiana, Pa.
Miles W. Krumbine, *Plymouth Church of Shaker Heights*, Cleveland, O.
William Wallace Rose, *First Universalist church*, Lynn, Mass.
Douglas Horton, *United Church of Hyde Park*, Chicago.
Frederick W. Norwood, *The City Temple*, London, Eng.
George Lawrence Parker, *First Unitarian church*, Toledo, O.
M. H. Lichliter, *First Congregational church*, Columbus, O.
Carl S. Patton, *First Congregational church*, Los Angeles, Cal.

There will be Preacher Problems articles by:

Samuel Harkness, *Winnetka Congregational church*, Winnetka, Ill.
Edgar De Witt Jones, *Central Woodward Christian church*, Detroit, Mich.
Tertius Van Dyke, *Congregational church*, Washington, Conn.

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